

BIRDS OF PREY #19

“masks”

STORY, CHUCK DIXON
ART, JACKSON GUICE

JOSEPH ILLIDGE, NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE FOR A WHILE.

PAGE ONE

SPLASH

Robin stands with a wild looking sci-fi handgun in his fists. He looks alert and alarmed in the foreground as he aims the gun off page. Barbara is behind him in her wheelchair with an equally sci-fi looking ray rifle. The scenery behind them is spooky spaceship interior ala the ALIEN movies.

TITLE: masks

ROBIN: I CAN **HEAR** THEM, BABS. THEY'RE GETTING **CLOSER**.

BARBARA: THEN THIS IS **IT**, BOY WONDER.

BARBARA: OUR LAST STAND.

PAGES TWO AND THREE

BIG SPREAD

Robin and Babs blast hideous aliens coming down a misty corridor toward them. The corridor lights with the flash from their weapons and the aliens bleed glowing green ichor in great splashes.

ALIENS: ***HHSSSSSSSSSSSS!***

ROBIN: **HERE THEY COME!**

BARBARA: TAKE OUT AS MANY AS YOU **CAN**. MAKE **EVERY** SHOT COUNT!

ROBIN: THERE'S TOO **MANY** OF THEM!

GUN FX: ***fzzzzk! fssssssk!***

INSET PANEL

Robin looks panicked as he looks at his gun which has a flashing red light on it. An alien claw swipes above his head as he ducks.

ROBIN: MY MASER'S OUT OF **ENERGY**, BABS!

ROBIN: IT'S UP TO **YOU** NOW!

GUN: deet-dit!

INSET PANEL

Babs looks disgusted and angry as her own weapon shows a flashing red light.

BARBARA: MY PIECE IS COMING UP ZEROES **TOO**.

BARBARA: WE'RE **TOAST**.

GUN: dit-deet!

PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

An alien swipes its claws through Robin who is shrugging in dismissal. The alien is revealed to be a transparent projection. Babs smiles at Robin as she lays aside the rifle. The background is beginning to fade.

ROBIN: WELL, WE **ALMOST** MADE IT TO LEVEL NINETEEN.

BARBARA: ABORT PLAY.

BARBARA: MAYBE WE SHOULD MOVE BACK TO "GREENIE" PLAY LEVEL.

PANEL TWO

They are now in a featureless room with white walls and a recessed door at one end. It's a large room. There are large panels in the floor.

ROBIN: BUT YOU **DESIGNED** THIS GAME, BABS.

ROBIN: **AND** THIS INCREDIBLE VIRTUAL REALITY PROJECTION ROOM.

BARBARA: I NEED TO GET **SHARPER**, ROBIN.

PANEL THREE

Babs wheels toward the door and Robin is behind her.

BARBARA: BATTLING GALACTIC HELLSPAWN IS **FUN** BUT THE POINT OF THE EXERCISE IS TO GET ME **USED** TO THIS NEW TECHNOLOGY.

BARBARA: IF THIS SYSTEM WORKS RIGHT I CAN USE IT TO FIGHT **REAL** BAD GUYS.

PANEL FOUR

They wheel down a corridor toward her main computer work area in the clockworks.

BARBARA: I WON'T BE **LIMITED** TO THE KEYBOARD AND WHAT I CAN SEE ON A **MONITOR**.

BARBARA: I CAN MOVE IN **REAL** TIME THROUGH **SIMULATIONS** OF ANY LOCATION I GET DATA ON.

ROBIN: COOL.

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

They move into the clocktower area. Many of the floor panels are pulled up and thick bundles of wiring exposed. There's a toolbox open and several rolling tool containers about.

BARBARA: I COULDN'T HAVE **DONE** IT WITHOUT YOUR HELP, ROBIN. YOU MUST HAVE RE-WIRED A THOUSAND **MILES** OF CABLES.

ROBIN: I SHOULD THANK **YOU** FOR THE CHANCE TO PLAY WITH SOME OF THIS **BIG IRON** YOU'VE INSTALLED.

BARBARA: **YOU** INSTALLED MOST OF IT.

PANEL TWO

Robin crouches and look down into one of the channels beneath the floor filled with bundles of wires.

ROBIN: SIX YALE SUPERCOMPUTERS SEQUENCED THROUGH A FIFTH GENERATION INTERFACE SLAVED TO **YOUR** VOICE PATTERNS.

ROBIN: WHERE **DID** YOU GET THE CASH FOR THIS?

PANEL THREE

Barbara's at her keyboards looking up at a monitor. She smiles.

BARBARA: **SOME JLA** FUNDS. AND I PICKED UP A FEW BUCKS HERE AND THERE FROM SOME PEOPLE WHO **WON'T** MISS IT.

BARBARA: (SMALL) AND DIDN'T **EARN** IT.

BARBARA: LOW PRIORITY PROXIMITY ALARM. **SOMEBODY'S** COMING TO THE FRONT DOOR.

PANEL FOUR

They both look at the monitor. It's a high angle shot of Dick Grayson at the door with a pizza in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other.

BARBARA: IT'S **DICK**. Ahhh...AND HE BROUGHT **FLOWERS**.

ROBIN: AND **PIZZA**!

PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

NIGHT

Close-up of some jungle vegetation.

PANEL TWO

Same shot but we see Black Canary parting the vegetation wearing her nightvision headgear.

PANEL THREE

Canary is leaping out from a branch over a dirt road through jungle. A military truck is roaring down the road. It's a big deuce and a half with the canvas top.

PANEL FOUR

She swings down from the canvas top with a grip on the rear support and into the back of the truck where two startled soldiers are leaping from where they were seated on the side benches. They reach for their rifles.

SOLDIER: *QUE?*

DINAH: DAMN.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Dick and Babs and Robin eat pizza in the work area. Robin hands out sodas. The flowers are in a vase.

ROBIN: YOU **KNEW** I WAS HERE, DICK?

DICK: **ALFRED** SAID YOU WERE OVER HERE HELPING BABS.

BARBARA: **ALFRED**? WHERE **IS** ALFRED?

PANEL TWO

Barbara looks questioningly at them. Dick and Robin look at one another with a shrug.

BARBARA: I KNOW HE'S NOT WITH **BRUCE** SO WHERE **IS** HE?

DICK: WELL...

ROBIN: uh...

PANEL THREE

Barbara looks peeved as Robin smiles through a mouthful of pizza.

BARBARA: OH. IT'S ROBIN'S LITTLE **SECRET**, HUH?

ROBIN: mm.

BARBARA: I KNOW THE SECRET IDENTITY OF **EVERY** MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE LEAGUE BUT I CAN'T BE TRUSTED WITH **YOURS**?

ROBIN: mph-mm!

PANEL FOUR

Robin grins and wipes his chin with a napkin.

ROBIN: THAT'S WHAT'S SO **COOL** ABOUT IT.

ROBIN: YOU KNOW **SUPERMAN'S** REAL NAME AND NOT **MINE**.

PANEL FIVE

Barbara frowns in close shot.

BARBARA: "COOL", HUH?

BARBARA: YOU DRIBBLED **SAUCE** ON YOUR KEVLAR, SMARTGUY.

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Dick laughs and Babs smirks a face at him. Robin covers his mouth as he breaks up.

DICK: THAT'S WHY I **LOVED** THE ROBIN COSTUME. YOU COULD SPILL STUFF ON THE TUNIC AND IT NEVER SHOWED.

BARBARA: AND THE SHORT PANTS WERE **SOOOO** HOT.

ROBIN: glmmph!

PANEL TWO

Babs turns to her monitors again. There's a figure at the front door visible in the monitor.

BARBARA: THE FRONT DOOR AGAIN.

BARBARA: WHAT'S THE **DEAL** TONIGHT?

PANEL THREE

She's closer to the monitors and we see that it's Ted Kord at the door. Dick leans over looking as well.

BARBARA: IT'S TED.

DICK: WHO?

BARBARA: TED **KORD**.

DICK: THE BLUE BEETLE?

PANEL FOUR

Robin pipes up and Dick looks at him in annoyance. Barbara is looking at the monitor.

ROBIN: **USED** TO BE THE BLUE BEETLE. DIDN'T YOU GET THE NEWSLETTER?

DICK: WHAT'S HE DOING **HERE**?

BARBARA: WE'RE FRIENDS.

PANEL FIVE

DICK: WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

BARBARA: **JUST** FRIENDS, GRAYSON. HE'S A **TECHNOGEEK** LIKE ME.

ROBIN: WOW. I GET TO MEET THE BLUE BEETLE.

DICK: **YOU** CAN'T BE HERE, ROBIN.

PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Dick looks surprised at Babs who appears calm.

DICK: HOW DOES BABS EXPLAIN **BATMAN'S** LITTLE PAL COMING OVER FOR A PIZZA PARTY?

BARBARA: NOT A PROBLEM. TED **KNOWS** I'M ORACLE.

DICK: HUH?

PANEL TWO

Robin looks annoyed at Dick and Barbara's jerking a thumb at the monitor.

BARBARA: LOOK, YOU CAN'T **BOTH** STAY HERE.

DICK: WHY **NOT**?

ROBIN: 'CAUSE THEN WE'D HAVE TO EXPLAIN HOW **DICK GRAYSON** KNOWS "BATMAN'S LITTLE PAL."

DICK: SO **I** STAY AND WE DON'T TALK SHOP.

PANEL THREE

All three are annoyed with one another.

ROBIN: AW, COME **ON!** I WANT TO MEET THE **BLUE BEETLE!**

DICK: BUT **YOU** SAID HE'S NOT THE—

BARBARA: **SOMEBODY** HAS TO LEAVE! TED CAN'T WAIT OUT THERE ALL **NIGHT!**

PANEL FOUR

Dick and Robin square off.

DICK: IN THE OTHER **ROOM**, BOY WONDER.

ROBIN: NO **WAY**.

DICK: YOU LITTLE...

PANEL FIVE

Ted stands at the door as Babs opens it with a big smile on her face. Ted's put on maybe ten pounds since we saw him last (in BOP #15).

BARBARA: **TED!** WHAT A **SURPRISE**.

TED: I HOPE IT'S OKAY, BARBARA. I KNOW IT'S **LATE**.

PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Back in the jungle. We see that truck at a checkpoint in the jungle. There's a barbed wire fence with loops of razor wire above. Two sentries are here. One speaks to the driver while the other walks around the back of the truck with a flashlight in hand.

PANEL TWO

The guard shines the light into the back of the truck toward us.
GUARD: YOU **ALIVE** BACK THERE?

PANEL THREE

The soldiers are in the glare of the light, heads down and rifles across their knees. They are seated with their backs against crates.
SFX: (WEAK, WAVERING) znorrrrrrrr.....

PANEL FOUR

Tight shot. Canary is crouched in the shadows behind some crates with her hand over her mouth.
CANARY: (WEAK, WAVERING) znorf---znoorrrr...

PANEL FIVE

The guard with the flashlight laughs and jerks a thumb toward the back of the truck and the other sentry grins.
GUARD: SOME SOLDIERS YOU HAVE THERE. BOTH SOUND ASLEEP.

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Ted is in the elevator with Barbara punching the button for the upper floor.

TED: BUT YOU **TOLD** ME TO STOP BY AND I FIGURED YOU WORKED **NIGHTS**.

BARBARA: IT'S OKAY. I HAVE **COMPANY** ANYWAY.

TED: OH. ANYONE I **KNOW**?

PANEL TWO

Barbara bites her lower lip and Ted looks at her quizzically.

BARBARA: uh...

BARBARA: WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE GET **UP** THERE.

PANEL THREE

Barbara intros Robin and Ted Kord. Robin smiles broadly.

BARBARA: ROBIN, TED KORD.

BARBARA: TED, ROBIN.

ROBIN: WOW. **THE BLUE BEETLE**.

TED: NOT ANY **MORE**.

PANEL FOUR

Dick sits on the floor in the dark virtual simulation room looking peeved. He has his back to the door. The room is dark.

DICK: BLAH BLAH BLAH.

PANEL FIVE

Ted looks with something akin to fear at the pizza as he pats his middle. Barbara regards him with a smile.

TED: oh. PIZZA.

BARBARA: HELP **YOURSELF**, TED.

TED: AW NO. STILL WATCHING MY **WEIGHT**.

PANEL SIX

Barbara leans over to whisper to Robin who grins. Ted is in the background looking at Bab's computer set-up.

TED: WOW. LOOK AT **THIS** SET-UP.

BARBARA: (WHISP) WHERE DID DICK GO?

ROBIN: (WHISP) THE SIMULATION ROOM.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Dick sits in the dark simulation room looking bored.

CAPTION: "BUT I PROMISE HE WON'T BE **BORED**, BABS."

DICK: "I WANNA MEET THE BLUE BEETLE." LIKE IT'S SOME
BIG—

PANEL TWO

Closer in on Dick as he looks up, suddenly alert.

DICK: uh?

OFF PANEL: skrikt

PANEL THREE

Dick leaps to his feet as a Siberian tiger, claws extended and mouth agape, springs from the dark at him.

TIGER: ***RAHHHHR!***

DICK: **WHOA!**

PANEL FOUR

Ted Kord is by a computer with the casing taken off and wiring exposed. Robin shrugs as Ted looks off panel curious.

TED: IS THAT **ROARING** I HEAR?

ROBIN: THAT'S BABS' HOME THEATER. SHE MUST HAVE
LEFT THE **SUB-WOOFER** ON.

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Babs is showing off her computer array to Ted with Robin standing by asking questions.

TED: YOU HAVE AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF POWER HERE, BARBARA.

BARBARA: THERE'S A LOT ON SITE AND I SOMETIMES... **BORROW** TIME ELSEWHERE.

ROBIN: DO YOU STILL HAVE "THE BUG"?

PANEL TWO

Babs is turned in the foreground looking surprised as Ted speaks patiently to Robin.

TED: IT'S IN STORAGE.

ROBIN: I ALWAYS WISHED **WE** HAD A FLYING VEHICLE LIKE THAT.

TED: WELL, THE SCARAB **WAS** KIND OF HARD TO CONCEAL.

ELECTRONIC: ORACLE? YOU LISTENING?

BARBARA: Oh.

PANEL THREE

Dinah comes on the big screen. She's holding the camera she's using away from her to take her own picture. Barbara turns to Ted and Robin with a finger to her lips.

ELECTRONIC: I HEARD **VOICES**. IS SOMEONE THERE **WITH** YOU, ORACLE?

BARBARA: JUST THE **TELEVISION**, DINAH. IS THIS IMPORTANT?

ELECTRONIC: WELL...**YEAH**.

PANEL FOUR

TV image. Dinah is in a dark area with her nightvision mask off.

ELECTRONIC: YOU WERE **RIGHT** ABOUT THIS WEAPONS LAB IN HASARAGUA.

ELECTRONIC: THE SOVIETS LEFT A **LOT** OF LETHAL STUFF BEHIND WHEN THE COMMUNIST REGIME HERE FELL.

PANEL FIVE

Shot of Babs looking intense with Robin and Ted behind her standing mum.

BARBARA: ANY SIGN OF **BUYERS**?

ELECTRONIC: PRETTY **QUIET**. YOUR TIP WAS **OFF** ABOUT AN ARMS BAZAAR.

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

A TV image of a crates with stenciled Cyrillic lettering on them.

ELECTRONIC: BUT THE GOODIES ARE **HERE**. MY RUSSIAN IS RUSTY BUT THIS STUFF LOOKS LIKE LOW-YIELD NUKES.

ELECTRONIC: **PORTABLE** STUFF. SHOULDER LAUNCHED WEAPONS.

PANEL TWO

Barbara speaks to Dinah's image back on the monitor again.

BARBARA: ANY **KOBRA** AGENTS HANGING AROUND?

ELECTRONIC: NOTHING LIKE **THAT** YET. BUT THE NIGHT IS **YOUNG**. I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED.

BARBARA: ORACLE OUT.

PANEL THREE

Babs wheels away from the computer array. Ted speaks to her.

TED: THE CANARY CALLS YOU "ORACLE". SHE DOESN'T **KNOW** YOUR REAL NAME?

BARBARA: DINAH DOESN'T **NEED** TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME. IT'S **BETTER** THAT WAY.

TED: THEN YOU'VE **NEVER** EVEN MET?

PANEL FOUR

Barbara smiles over her shoulder.

BARBARA: OH, WE'VE **MET**.

BARBARA: BUT **SHE** DOESN'T KNOW THAT.

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

Ted looks at the bundles of line under the floor with interest and Robin crouches by Ted. Babs is looking off panel.

TED: I HAVE SOME EXPERIMENTAL CABLE THAT MIGHT SOLVE SOME OF YOUR PROBLEMS HERE.

ROBIN: YOU DO?

ELECTRONIC: LOW PRIORITY PROXIMITY ALARM.

BARBARA: WHAT **NOW**?

PANEL TWO

Babs looks at the monitor where Jason Bard stands at the front door. Robin looks over her shoulder.

ROBIN: YOU KNOW JASON BARD?

BARBARA: **YOU** KNOW JASON BARD?

ROBIN: SURE.

PANEL THREE

Barbara is wheeling away looking peeved with Robin and Ted in the background looking at one another and shrugging.

BARBARA: WELL, SINCE EVERYBODY **KNOWS** EVERYBODY ELSE I'LL JUST INVITE HIM UP.

PANEL FOUR

Jason smiles (he's still in the dark glasses and carries a cane) as Babs is at the door.

BARBARA: JASON?

JASON: BARB?

BARBARA: IT'S BEEN SO LONG.

PANEL FIVE

Jason smiles in close-up.

JASON: **TOO** LONG, BABY.

PANEL SIX

Jason stands before her on the sidewalk.

JASON: I ALWAYS MEANT TO LOOK YOU UP.

JASON: FUNNY, I WAITED UNTIL I COULDN'T **SEE** YOU.

BARBARA: CALLING DR FREUD.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

Jason stands speaking to her. She frowns.

JASON: ARE YOU GOING TO INVITE ME **IN**?

BARBARA: NO, I'M **NOT**, JASON. IT'S **COMPLICATED**.

JASON: ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR **SECRETS**, HUH?

PANEL TWO

Jason frowns and tilts his head quizzically.

JASON: YOUR **VOICE**.

JASON: YOU'RE SHORTER THAN ME BUT NOT **THAT**—

PANEL THREE

Jason bends his knees and reaches out and touches the wheel of Barbara's chair. His expression changes. She stares at his hand with something like fear.

JASON: --SHORT.

JASON: BARB?

PANEL FOUR

He's down on one knee with both her hands in one of his. He looks stricken. She looks at him wide eyed.

JASON: (SMALL) MY GOD...BARB...

BARBARA: IT'S NOT **LIKE** YOUR BLINDNESS, JASON. IT'S **NOT** TEMPORARY.

JASON: THIS IS **WHY**, RIGHT?

PANEL FIVE

Jason in close-shot looking sad.

JASON: **THIS** IS WHY YOU BROKE OFF THE ENGAGEMENT.

JASON: SOME DETECTIVE **I** AM.

PANEL SIX

She reaches out and tenderly touches his hair. Tears stand in her eyes.

BARBARA: IT'S ONLY **ONE** OF THE REASONS.

BARBARA: YOU WANT TO GO...FOR A **WALK**?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

They move down the street with Jason behind her with hands held wide.

JASON: YOUR CHAIR---THERE'S NO **HANDLES**.

BARBARA: THAT'S RIGHT.

JASON: FIGURES.

PANEL TWO

They move off down the sidewalk toward a cross street. Babs' street is lined with new trees along the curb.

JASON: I HEARD THAT YOU WORKED WITH YOUR **DAD** WHEN THE CITY WAS SHUT DOWN.

BARBARA: I DID SOME DISPATCHING.

JASON: HOW **IS** JIM?

BARBARA: SAME OLD **COP**.

PANEL THREE

They walk further away from us.

JASON: DID HE EVER ASK ABOUT—

BARBARA: YOU? NOT **ONCE**.

JASON: **THAT** FIGURES TOO.

PANEL FOUR

Robin looks at Ted as they stand before the monitors looking at the empty scene in front of the door.

TED: THEY'RE NOT COMING **BACK**, ARE THEY?

ROBIN: NOT FOR A **WHILE**, I'D GUESS.

TED: WELL, I'LL SHOW MYSELF **OUT** THEN.

PANEL FIVE

Robin looks back at the door to the simulation room with an "uh oh" look.

ROBIN: uh...I'LL COME **WITH** YOU, TED.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

Dick leaps up a wall as the tiger closes and claws at the place Dick was a second before. Dick's tumbling over the head of the tiger. He looks disheveled as he's been dodging this critter for the past twenty minutes or so.

CAPTION: "NO REASON FOR **ME** TO STICK AROUND."

SFX: ***RAAAAAAAHR!***

DICK: uh!

PANEL TWO

Dick lands rolling in the dimness as the tiger turns roaring.

TIGER: ***GRAAAARRRRRR!***

PANEL THREE

Dick launches himself to one side as the tiger zooms past, claws extended.

TIGER: ***rrrrrrrrr!***

PANEL FOUR

Dick is crouched and looking suspicious with narrowed eyes.

DICK: HEY...

DICK: **WAIT** A MINUTE...

PANEL FIVE

Dick stands his ground and lets the holographic tiger jump THROUGH him. His expression is one of supreme annoyance.

TIGER: ***RAAAAAHR!***

DICK: (SMALL) THE BOY WONDER...

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Dick, disheveled, with shirt untucked and hair with a mind of its own, bursts from the simulation room door. He's shouting.

DICK: **ROBIN!**

PANEL TWO

He stands in the empty computer work room looking spent.

DICK: HEY.

DICK: WHERE **IS** EVERYBODY?

PANEL THREE

A Sundollars Coffee. Babs and Jason sit at a sidewalk table.

BARBARA: YOU STILL HAVE THE AGENCY?

JASON; WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU ALREADY **KNOW**
THE ANSWER TO THAT?

BARBARA: WELL...

PANEL FOUR

Closer shot. He holds her hand across the table.

BARBARA: I MIGHT HAVE DONE A **LITTLE** CHECKING.

JASON: THAT'S HOW YOU **KNEW** ABOUT MY BLINDNESS.

BARBARA: HUH?

PANEL FIVE

Another angle on them. She smiles and he grins.

JASON: YOU MENTIONED MY BLINDNESS BEING
TEMPORARY. I DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT.

BARBARA: SO YOU **ARE** STILL A DETECTIVE, MR BARD.

JASON; AND WHAT DO **YOU** DO THESE DAYS, BARB?

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

We see a shack near large hangar type buildings. There's stacks of crates piled outside the buildings under tarps. There's lights on in the shack. And a radio antenna tower behind it.

CAPTION: "OH, I MANAGE TO KEEP **BUSY**.

FIGURE ATOP CRATES: NOW **THAT'S** A CRIME.

PANEL TWO

Canary crouches atop the tarps with slim binoculars in her hands aimed at that shack.

CANARY: A DIRTY ROTTEN **SHAME**.

PANEL THREE

The view through the binocs. Some soldiers talking and playing cards in the shack. We can see the hand of one of the soldiers seated with his back to us. Bugs flutter around the light from the window. In the corner of the binocs we read: 150m.

TAILLESS BALLOON: THE **LAMEST** BOTTOM DEALING I'VE SEEN SINCE POKER NIGHT AT GARDNER'S PLACE.

PANEL FOUR

Same view and angle but some blurry object flashes in the view of the binocs. In the corner we read: 001m.

TAILLESS BALLOON: uh?

PANEL FIVE

Canary is booted off that stack of crates by a blow from a knobkerry (a warclub with a weighted round end.) , the binocs go flying.

CANARY: unnh!

PAGE TWENTY ONE

SPLASH

Canary lies on the ground struggling to get up. She looks up at the stack of crates above. Lady Vic stands atop the crates and Brutale, another Nightwing villain, crouches nearby. Brutale has blades between his fingers and Lady Vic holds a Zulu knobkerry in her fist and has two holstered handguns (Webley-Fosberry .455s) on a leather girdle about her waist. NOTE: You can vary Lady Vic's costume as you wish for jungle fighting. Maybe some camouflage.

BRUTALE: SO, SOMEONE FELL FOR THE **BAIT**, LADY VIC.

LADY VIC: IT APPEARS **SO**, BRUTALE. BUT I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED SOMEONE MORE **FORMIDABLE** AS AN AGENT—

LADY VIC: --OF **ORACLE**.

CONTINUED IN NIGHTWING 45
THE BEGINNING OF

SEIGE!

PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE